Every Week

3¢

September 25, 1916

Enters a new business at $100,000 a year

THE Board of Directors of a gigantic wholesale grocery had gathered to select a new president.

A keen, broad-minded director spoke up. "I know the man we want," and he named the president of a great National Bank.

"What!" cried one astonished director, "What does a banker know about our business?"

"This man knows more than just banking," was the answer. "Banking, like wholesaling, is only one phase of business. This man is not limited to any one field. He knows all the departments of business—finance, economics, organization, selling, accounting." They discussed the matter from all standpoints. Finally they agreed unanimously to get him if they could.

The banker accepted the presidency of the wholesale grocery concern at a salary of $100,000.

In a surprisingly short time he had completely reorganized the whole concern.

New, well-planned office short cuts replaced the old, roundabout methods.

The former sluggish office force was snapped into a wide awake, powerful organization with a capacity to handle enormous business.

The inspiring success of this banker, in a business totally new to him, was the result of his broad business training. His greatness lay in his knowledge of business fundamentals. Each move, each decision he made, was backed up by a clear, intelligent grasp of the *why* and the *how* of the problems he had to solve.

The problems this man had to face were far more complicated than those listed below. Yet some of these comparatively simple problems are rocks upon which business careers are smashed. Sooner or later, you too will meet these questions. How will you answer them?

Do you know why most inexperienced executives fail trying to raise money for a new business, and how to avoid their mistakes .....?

When you hire a man, do you know what questions to ask, and what to leave unasked in order to get a line on the applicant's character, his ambition, his resources .....?

Can you figure how much of your particular article a retailer should order, by the number of turnovers per year, necessary for profit to the line .....?

Do you know the vital difference in a business man between "getting a loan" and "discounting his note," and when each is necessary .....?

What are the six things a business man should watch for and satisfy himself on before he signs his name to a business paper .....?

Can you study to the best bet of a proposition so as to tell accurately whether it will be cheaper to sell direct by mail, or through usual trade channels .....?

The knowledge that carries men through

You cannot give any one answer to these broad questions. Circumstances vary. But the big underlying principles always remain the same. It is the knowledge of the basic principles that carries men through to success.

This broad grasp of the fundamental principles of business and the application of them to the individual case the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 40,000 business men today.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute gives you a logical foundation on which to build your future business knowledge and experience. All departments of business are covered and presented to you in interesting, practical form.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, along with ambitious young clerks in their employ. Among the subscribers are such men as Alfred I. DuPont, of the DuPont Powder Company, capitalized at $120,000,000; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co., a $1,300,000 corporation; Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills, a $5,000,000 corporation; Wm. H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Car Co.—and scores of other equally prominent men.

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"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 128-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," copy of which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. It will help measure what you know—what you don't know, and what you should know—to make success sure. It will make you want to get the study habit. If you feel uncertain of yourself, if you long for bigger responsibilities, power, influence, money—this Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

368 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" — FREE

Name.....

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

Have You Ceased to Study? If So, Good Night

A MAN named Brown and a man named Black graduated from high school and entered business in New York at the same time.

Both made rapid progress. At twenty-five each of them was drawing $2500 a year.

"Coming men," said their friends. "If they are so far along at twenty-five, where will they be at fifty?"

Black went on. At fifty he is president of his company, with an income of $25,000 a year.

But something happened to Brown. He never fulfilled the large promise of his youth: at fifty he had hardly advanced beyond his thirty mark.

What was it that happened to these two men, of equal education and—so far as the world could judge—equal ability?

I will tell you.

Brown became satisfied. He ceased to study: which means that he ceased to grow.

Black has told me that when he reached $5000 a year he said to himself: "I have made a good start. Nothing can stop me if I keep my health and *keep growing*. I must study, study, study. I must be the best informed man on our business in the United States."

There is the difference. One stayed in school: one did not.

The position you attain before you are twenty-five years old is of no particular credit to you. You gained that simply on the education your parents gave you—education that cost you no sacrifice.

But the progress you make in the world *after twenty-five*—that is progress that you must make by educating yourself. It will be in proportion to the amount of study you give to your work in excess of the amount the other man gives.

Analyze any successful man and you will find these three great facts:

He had an aim:

Lord Campbell wrote to his father, as an excuse for not coming home over the holidays: "To have any chance of success, I must be more steady than other men. I must be in chambers when they are at the theater: I must study when they are asleep: I must, above all, remain in town when they are in the country."

He worked:

"I have worked," said Daniel Webster, "for more than twelve hours a day for fifty years."

He studied:

Vice-President Henry Wilson was born in the direst poverty. "Want sat by my cradle," he says. "I knew what it is to ask my mother for bread when she had none to give. I left home when ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving one month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me $84."

Yet in those eleven years of grueling labor he found time to read and study more than one hundred books.

Really big men check themselves up each autumn, at the beginning of each new business year.

"This year," they say, "I am going to master one new subject. I am going to pursue such and such studies, which will increase my ability and earning power."

The bigger they are the longer they keep themselves in school. Gladstone took up a new language after he had passed seventy.

Have you left school?

As a matter of fact, did you grow mentally last year at all? What definite subject are you going to devote your evenings to this year?

"As a rule," said Disraeli, "the most successful man in life is the man who has the most information."

How much will you increase your stock of useful information in the business year that is opening *now*?

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Big news. Next week we begin a new serial by Frederick Orin Bartlett, who wrote "The Wall Street Girl." This new serial is named "The Trifflers"—the story of a girl who married a man for convenience.

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Every Week

$1.00 per Year
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The Truth About Laughter

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE next time you see anybody laughing heartily at a humorous drawing, a funny incident in a moving-picture play, or the lines and action in a farce, don't fall into the common mistake of thinking that he ought to be more restrained in his expression of the amusement he feels. Instead, try to become a hearty laugher yourself, if you are not one already.

The prejudice against laughter as "bad form" can not be too vigorously opposed. It is a mischievous prejudice. Its result is to deprive people of an invaluable agent in maintaining mental and physical health. The increase in functional nervous and mental troubles, so evident in recent years, must certainly be attributed in part to the anti-laughing training many persons receive in youth. Also, the feeling against laughter has undoubtedly had a bad effect on the working ability of many people, by aggravating nervous stress and robbing them of a natural tonic that is most helpful to body and mind alike.

And, to make matters worse, opposition to laughter has grown with changed conditions of life that make laughter ever more necessary.

Just what happens when a person laughs?

Laughter Relieves Tension

IN the first place, there is an immediate feeling of relief from mental and bodily tension. It is an interesting fact, not generally appreciated, that the mere seeing or hearing of anything that appeals strongly to one's sense of humor instantly gives rise to peculiar physical conditions of more or less intensity. These have been variously described. Some years ago an investigator at Clark University asked a number of people how they felt the moment before they laughed. One replied that he always felt "a ticklish sensation in the stomach." Another spoke of "a funny feeling coming up from the stomach." A third had "a creepy feeling inside, spreading over the whole body." A fourth "must laugh or burst." A fifth found it "an immense strain to hold in." A sixth "felt full of something to the point of bursting." A seventh experienced "a quiver, thrill, or creepy feeling, passing up from the stomach to the mouth." And so on.

These feelings ceased as soon as those experiencing them laughed. They were, that is to say, manifestations of nervous energy seeking an outlet. This outlet they obtained in laughing, expressly provided as a natural safety-valve. To be sure, if one's sense of humor be entirely blotted out, so that nothing ever seems "funny," the physical sensations ordinarily finding a vent in laughter are not experienced. Then their repression would not cause nervous stress and disturbance, because they would not be there to be repressed. But, observe, it is not simply from this special form of nervous strain that laughter brings relief—it is from nervous strain in general.

Indeed, it seems scientifically sound to affirm that the sense of humor is given to man largely for the purpose of causing a sudden increase of nervous activity such as to compel, through laughter, a complete let-down of nervous tension. When a man laughs, his whole organism, so to speak, takes a momentary holiday. This is one of the principal reasons why the cultivation of laughter is so important in our own day and land.

As everybody knows, conditions of life in this strenuous, complex civilization of ours are conditions of great strain. People have more to think about than used to be the case; there are more occasions for worry; the demands of modern professional, commercial, and industrial life are much more severe than in the primitive days of the founders of the Republic. Every opportunity of giving mind and nerves a chance for momentary rest should be eagerly seized. And, of all means offered by nature for attaining this desirable end, few compare with laughter. It may not be "refined" to laugh, but it is decidedly hygienic.

"It may not be 'refined' to laugh, but it is decidedly hygienic. Laughter relieves mental and bodily tension."

Besides, laughter has more than the negative value of securing temporary freedom from strain. It has a positive value of the utmost importance.

A Hearty Laugh Is a Tonic

EVERY time a person laughs—laughs heartily and unaffectedly—some noteworthy changes occur in the organs and processes of his body. "A hearty laugh," —I quote from an eminent medical authority, who is alive to the helpfulness of laughter from the doctor's point of view —"moves the diaphragm up and down vigorously, empties and ventilates the lungs, stimulates the heart mechanically by its action upon the intra-thoracic viscera, and is one of the best tonics that we have for the circulation in the abdominal cavity, and probably also for the important nervous mechanisms centered there."

Nor is the physical action of laughter confined to these local results. It has a directly stimulating effect on the whole muscular system, prompting and making easy a vigorous bodily movement. Through its beneficial effect on the lungs and the stomach, it improves the quality of the blood-supply to the brain. As a result the brain becomes better nourished than it would otherwise be. Consequently—except only in the case of a brain structurally inferior—it is rendered better able to meet the incessant and extreme demand of modern life for quick, accurate, and forceful thinking.

Here another factor enters to double the favorable influence exercised on mind and body by laughter.

Everybody who is a hearty laugher is well aware that laughter, unless it be too prolonged, engenders a most pleasurable emotional state. It makes a man "feel good" mentally as well as physically.

Recent scientific researches have definitely established that pleasurable emotional states stimulate every vital process healthfully. They promote the digestion of food, its assimilation, the elimination of the waste products of digestion, the circulation of the blood, the action of the internal glands of secretion, etc. This means greater physical vigor, and it also means greater efficiency for one's daily work, whether that work be mental or manual. Hence laughter, psychologically as well as physiologically, is good for every man.

Let me pause a moment to add that these facts throw a luminous light on that much discussed problem, the frequency and ardor of laughter in childhood.

Children, unless their exuberance is too sternly repressed by unwise parents, always laugh more than adults. They find causes for laughter in anything and everything—in much that is not laughter-provoking at all in grown-up men and women.

Usually this is accounted for on the ground that children are care-free, that the reasoning faculty is not adequately developed in them, and that they are full of animal spirits. Now, in addition to all this, it becomes possible to see in their tendency to an abounding laughter the working out of a beneficent design. They may laugh because they are care-free, unthinking, and high-spirited; but they also laugh in order to help their bodies grow, and in order to help promote the development of their minds, both by easing the strain of learning and by keeping their brains well nourished.

It Helps Children to Grow

ACCORDINGLY, children ought to be encouraged to laugh instead of being trained to be non-laughers, as too often is the policy nowadays. The trials and problems of life will soon put a sufficient check on their mirthfulness. Parents, for that matter, ought to make it a point to keep alive in their children the saving sense of humor. In later life the children will not need laughter to help them grow, but most assuredly they will need it to help them keep healthy and at a high level of working efficiency. Gloom and weakness go together; laughter and strength walk hand in hand.

More and more, it is to be observed, medical men are recommending laughter to their patients. That veteran New York physician, Doctor James J. Walsh, who has never had the reputation of being a "faddist," is loud in his praises of its upbuilding power. He even advises those who are weak in the sense of humor to practise laughing as a daily exercise.

"It seems almost absurd," he admits, "that a physician should tell patients that it will do them good to practise smiling, to take every possible opportunity to laugh, and even to take frequent glances into a looking-glass to see that they are not pulling long faces.

"The difference between a feeling of

melancholy and one of gladness consists mainly in the position of the outer angles of the mouth. The putting into practice of the maxim not to let the sad lines dominate the countenance, but to insist on keeping the others there as far as possible, means much for the correction of internal feelings of depression and discouragement that may be badly interfering with the flow of nerve impulses from the brain to the body."

And, speaking specifically of the effect of hearty laughter on digestion and circulation, he adds:

"There is no doubt that the exercise for the diaphragm afforded by hearty laughing, with the stimulation of the intra-abdominal circulation consequent upon vigorous diaphragmatic movements, is an important element in producing a healthy state of the important organs of the human economy contained within the abdominal cavity.

"Doctor Abrams, in his book, 'The Blues, Causes and Cure,' attributes this disturbing condition of depression, so familiar to those who have much to do with nervous patients, to a disordered blood and nerve circulation in the splanchnic [the abdominal] area, and calls it, scientifically, splanchnic neurasthenia.

"This undoubtedly sums up an important element in the causation of a great many depressive conditions. Most of them are banished by frequent laughter, which, with its exercise of the diaphragm, tends to stimulate splanchnic blood-vessels and nerves."

Bearing facts like these in mind, can it longer be doubted that people make a great mistake when they deliberately restrain every impulse they may have to laugh? What they then are doing is to deny themselves an unfailing means of respite from the strain of thinking and the strain of living. And by refusing to laugh they also refuse to make use of a wonderful mechanism intended to help them think and live better.

Still further, if everybody followed their example, this world would be a distinctly unpleasant place in which to live. For laughter, besides being of the greatest importance to every individual, is in addition an indispensable social lubricant and adjuster.

LAUGH

There's a scientific reason why you should.

If you get one good laugh out of this magazine a week you have lengthened your life.

"You Cassius," said Cæsar, "hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous."

Beware of the man who never laughs. Do not let him marry your daughter.

The chances are he will die young and leave her and the children for you to support.

If you've got out of the habit of laughing, it won't be long until you'll get out of the habit of living.

Germs have a horror of the man who can

LAUGH

Social Value of Laughter

THE social helpfulness of laughter is, indeed, hardly secondary to its helpfulness to the individual. Some philosophic students of the subject—notably the eminent French thinker Bergson—are so impressed by its social helpfulness as almost to lose sight of its value as regards the physiological effects it has on the one who laughs. Bergson's view, to state it in a few words, is that the main purpose of laughter is to act as a social corrective. We laugh, he says, at the mechanical, the stupid, the artificial in ourselves and in our fellows, in order to correct these blemishes in us and in them.

This undoubtedly is true. Laughter does have the value of a social corrective. But it is of still greater value as a developer of social sympathy. When children laugh while they play, they are unconsciously coming to a closer, more intimate understanding of one another. Their laughter quickens their sense of human solidarity; it educates them to sympathize more truly with their associates. This function laughter retains through all ages of life. Every man who laughs with and at his friends, in unmalicious "jollying," knows full well, at least subconsciously, that his laughter and theirs helps to cement the seal of friendship. In social intercourse of every sort, in the business of the market-place as in the hour of leisure, laughter has a smoothing, easing influence.

Big Pay for Laugh Makers

AND, most fortunately, notwithstanding the efforts of those who would have mankind forgo the habit of laughter, there is warrant for the belief that this good habit can never be successfully attacked. I said in the beginning that there never was a time when men had greater need of laughter than to-day. Signs are not lacking that the people of to-day instinctively appreciate this.

More than ever before, laugh-makers are in demand—as witness, for example, the fabulous sums earned by Charlie Chaplin and Bud Fisher. No newspaper would feel complete without its humorous paragraphs, if not its comic supplement. Theatrical managers and the makers of moving-picture plays compete feverishly in the production of laughter-inciting comedies and farces.

In all this the foes of laughter see only evidence that ours is a frivolous, degenerate age. In reality, it is evidence that ours is one of the wisest of ages—an age too wise to be cheated out of its splendid aid to successful living, the birthright of laughter.

The Valor of Ignorance

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

Illustrations by Frank Soapp

OLIVER WINTERSLIP bought his neckties—beg pardon, his cravats—at August's in Cambridge. For any one who knows Cambridge and August's that is a complete characterization. For the benefit of others it may be added that each cravat cost him four dollars, which was exactly four dollars more than he had ever earned in his life. There you have him.

He was one of the great unemployed, was Oliver. If that suggests to you those who stand in the bread line forget it. The idea is preposterous—Oliver was a Winterslip.

He belonged to the unemployed of the low-swung cars, the Newport tennis-courts. True, there had once been a movement afoot to put him to work. It cropped up a year after his graduation from Harvard. His father called him into the library of the quiet house on Beacon Street, Boston, and informed him that on the morrow he would enter the employ of Winterslip & Winterslip, stocks and bonds.

AIDED by an alarm clock borrowed from the butler, Oliver actually made the effort. In less than a week his father realized that in introducing Oliver and the office he had hung a millstone about his firm's neck. He arranged to have Oliver's name shifted from the waiting list to active membership in two good clubs—it wouldn't do to have him hanging round the house—and then invited his son to resign from stocks and bonds. Since he was not to receive a salary at first, Oliver withdrew without suffering the humiliation of having silver cross his palm. In business, as in all things, he retained his amateur standing.

So there began for Oliver a period of sportive leisure. Golf, tennis, automobiles filled his thoughts. In time motor-cars became too common to please him, and, hearing of a man at Scituate who taught flying, he bought him an aëroplane.

At the beginning of winter, a year ago, Oliver was torn, as usual, between the beckoning pleasures of Florida and California. For a time he considered flipping a coin; but he finally determined to solve the problem by visiting each in turn. As he sat at breakfast one morning in December, enjoying the peace of mind following this decision, a letter with the legend "Opened by Censor" stared up at him from the pile beside his plate.

He picked it up. The postmark was Paris, the handwriting that of his friend Ben Coolidge, who had played next to him on a scrub football team. Oliver smiled; he liked Coolidge.

"'It's for France, you know.'"

For the love of Mike [Coolidge began, in that unintelligible diction encouraged by the Harvard English Department], where are you? The war will be over the first thing you know, and you'll have missed all the fun. All the fellows are here. We're having a bully time. Bill Tucker's in the Foreign Legion; so is Dud Percy. I am turned down so I'm driving an ambulance. But you—I say, you know how to manage an aëroplane. Do you realize what that means over here now? You can have anything you want. Pull strings, fix it with the French ambassador, and come on in—the water's fine. We're expecting you.

Oliver's breath came quickly as he read. Reaching the end of the letter, he rose from the table and paced the floor. Before him opened a vista of thrills, of excitement, beside which Florida tennis was child's play. Why hadn't he thought of it himself?

It was because he thought so little—but he didn't know that. He had apprehended the existence of a war. For a time he had read about it faithfully; it had been like a football game, with the teams swaying back and forth across the muddy field. Then it had settled down to the trenches, with paltry five-yard gains, and Oliver had become one of the great unthinking army whom it bored.

But now—what a chance! How lucky that he had learned to manage an aëroplane.

He went into the library. His mother

sat there, reading a newspaper. This may seem an unusual occupation for a woman of her environment; but she was an unusual woman.

"Mother," cried Oliver, "I just had a letter from Coolidge. He's over on the other side, driving an ambulance. Tucker and Perry are in the Foreign Legion. Everybody's over there. I'm going too. Do you mind?"

His mother looked at him. She was indeed unusual; a woman of brains, fine sensibilities, ambitions for her son— But let us not dwell on these things. She was looking full at Oliver, and I should like to keep tragedy out of this as much as possible.

"You want to—to drive an ambulance?" she asked.

"Better than that," glowed Oliver. "I can get into an aviation corps. Ben says it will be easy."

His mother did not speak for a moment. She had not been one of those bored by the war; she had read daily of the French, of French mothers. At that instant she thought that her son might have felt the heat of the flames, and while her heart sank in terror, there was a thrill of exultation too. Poor lady!

"On the French side?" she asked.

"Naturally," said Oliver. "All the fellows are on that side: Coolidge and Perry and—"

Then she knew. It was not that Oliver had felt the heat of the flames, not that he had seen and recognized heroism and suffering—it was nothing at all save that he had found a new game to play. But was it not possible that, once he gained that bloody theater, something might happen, some great light break— It will be seen that Oliver's mother was also an optimist.

"Oh, Oliver," she said, "I shall be unhappy to have you go. But if you feel you must—"

"I'll be all right," Oliver assured her. "Don't you worry. I'll be careful."

Later in the day he told one other in Boston of his intention. This was Agatha Price, the girl the entire Back Bay, including Agatha herself, was patiently waiting for him to marry. Oliver was taking her for a drive in his car at the time.

"I'm glad you're going to do something for France," she said. "Everybody is—it's quite the thing this winter. Florence Enwright is going over as a nurse. I rather wish that I—surely I know as much about nursing the wounded as Florence does."

Oliver made no reply. He had a selfish little feeling that he wanted this thing to himself; Agatha had no right to interfere. So the girl made no more reference to her own ambitions. She said that she hoped Oliver would come out all right, and wasn't it a beautiful day for December?

ABOUT a week later Oliver took a midnight train for New York. The good-by scene with his mother, which he had rather dreaded, passed off splendidly. She was quite matter-of-fact and calm; even smiling when he left her in the hall. There was an odd light in her eyes.

Oliver carried a letter from the French Ambassador practically promising him a commission. Influential friends had secured it for him. The Ambassador had been somewhat bewildered; he had been given the feeling, subtly, that France was honored by this condescension from a Winterslip. But he had been touched too, and he had agreed, by mail. He had not seen Oliver.

On the day following his arrival in New York, Oliver was booked to sail on a French liner.

He would have sailed, too, if he had not run into Maurice Martin, sleepy-eyed from society. Maurice had been one of that exclusive club in Cambridge—the club of the giddy hat-bands and the Saturday nights devoted to champagne. Maurice said Oliver simply must stay over a week.

"Costume ball at the Plaza," he explained. "Benefit French militantes. I'm going as Sir Galahad." He reached for his highball. "It's for France, you know," he added.

Oliver was quick to see that he could serve the stricken by canceling his passage, so he arranged to sail a week later.

In the meantime he hung round the club, a hero in prospect. There was a martial spirit in the air. Talk was all of artillery, ammunition, our woeful lack of preparedness. Young men gazed fiercely into the future.

The gorgeous evening of the ball arrived. Oliver had been puzzled as to his costume, but he finally hit on the happy idea of going as Sir Galahad. He felt that Martin could not object; the knight was public property.

As it turned out, Oliver was the hit of the evening. Not only was he a Winterslip; he was a Winterslip about to fly for France.

The next day, at noon, he stood on the deck of the French liner and watched his hopelessly plebeian and totally unprepared country fade into the January mist. At last he was on his way toward the advertised thrill.

There is no intention to relate here, as in a diary, Oliver's trip over, his adventures at the front. Stirring as some of those adventures were, it is Oliver himself who forbids—good old Oliver, unimaginative, uninteresting, colorless. But now and again, reader, you and I will steal up softly, and, opening the door, we will glance into Oliver's mind. Then we will close the door and steal away. When our courage returns, we will creep up again—

THE initial adventure of this sort impends. After dinner that first evening on the boat, Oliver encountered near the rail a young Harvard man whom he had seen in New York, and who was going over for work in the ambulance corps. The young man was not of Oliver's crowd; their meeting was an accident. His name was Carter, or some such thing.

"I hear you're to be in the aviation corps," the boy said. "Gad—what a chance! I wish I had it. They're wonderful, aren't they?"

"Who?" yawned Oliver.

"Who? The French. What a fight they've made!" And Carter walked excitedly back and forth on the moonlit deck. "No complaints—no kicks—just gone out and died. Talk about efficiency—that's efficiency with the heart behind it. I'm proud to live in the same world with them."

"Really?" said Oliver.

"Did you read about Pere-Champenoise—how they died there?"

"Really—I—" Oliver stared with disapproval at this disgracefully emotional young man.

"Go as far as you can, and stick there—that was the order they got. And they did. Whole regiments dead on the field—dead like gentlemen, with their bodies between the enemy and Paris."

"Never heard of it," said Oliver.

"You're fighting for something when you fight for them," blazed Carter. "Lord, I envy you! I'll be back of the lines myself—back there picking up wounded—well, I can tell my kids about that, anyway."

He came close.

"Do you know," he said, "I threw up a good job to come over here. I'll be broke when this is over. And proud of it."

Oliver yawned again.

"Beg pardon," he said. "Up until five o. m.—dancing, you know. Can't stand this society life. Ho-hum—think I'll turn in."

NEXT, the grand reunion. Oliver in Paris, dining with Coolidge and the crowd.

"I knew you'd come," said Coolidge. "As soon as we got into it, I said to myself: 'This would be meat and drink for Oliver.'"

"Thanks for the letter," said Oliver. "Mighty kind of you. It's great to see you all again—great to be here."

"What about back home?" asked Coolidge. "Are they getting ready?"

"Not at all," Oliver told him.

"They make me sick," said Coolidge. "It'll come, I tell you. And then—"

Shortly to their table came a member of their set at home who was yet not like them—Warren, a cool, serious youth, head of a division of the ambulance.

"Oliver!" he cried. "You here?"

"Why not?" inquired Oliver, annoyed.

"Oh—no reason, I suppose," said Warren. "But—how did you happen to come?"

"Why—Coolidge wrote me a letter—"

"Exactly. By the way, Ben—Wilmot was hit by a shell today. They don't think he'll pull through."

"Wilmot—never heard of him," said Coolidge.

"No?" Warren stared at him gravely. "A fine chap."

"Poor fellow," said one of the others.

"If he goes," said Warren, "at least he'll know what he died for. By the way, Oliver—see that bunch of correspondents over there? The one with the glasses is here to get material for fiction. You ought to meet him."

"Why?" inquired Oliver blankly.

"Oh—I don't know; but he's having a mighty good time."

"Have a drink," suggested Coolidge.

"No, thanks," said Warren, and walked away.

"Seems a bit on his ear," puzzled Oliver. "Always was odd. By Jove—there's Helen Ferris."

They greeted Miss Ferris. She was of a very haughty New York family—they all knew her. Over to nurse soldiers, she told them. A Red Cross heroine—flushed and excited and happy.

"I've just been assigned to a hospital," she said. "Go out to-morrow. I'm to work under Lady Trevor. I can hardly wait to begin."

ON the following night Oliver dutifully went to the Ritz to dine with his uncle, Percy Winterslip. Uncle Percy was a large, red-faced, commanding man who had lived in England for many years. He was bursting with indignation.

"Had to get out of London," he raged. "Couldn't stand it. What is the Administration thinking of?"

"I don't know," answered Oliver.

"I fancy you don't," said Uncle Percy. "I fancy nobody does. When England entered the war—that was our cue. Neutral—bah!"

He took a drink to steady himself.

"And our course as the war ran on—inexplicable. I wonder, Oliver, if the people at home realize the embarrassment we Americans on this side have been caused. Hang it—I can't go into my clubs in London any more. I'm a member of three—and I can't go into any of them. Not that anybody says anything, of course—but they imply. They imply, and I have to blush for my country. There's an election coming over home—I should like to have a talk with the voters."

He stared with popping eyes into space.

"I'm sorry, of course," said Oliver. "It's all rather a scandal among the best people in Boston and New York."

"Ah, Oliver," said his uncle, "your coming over here has helped. That's the sort of thing that has cheered us. By the way, I contributed three cars to the ambulance corps. If you happen to run across them you might let me know if they're proving useful. I can send more of the same make if they're holding up."

"But how will I know which are yours?" Oliver asked.

"My name's on them," glowed Uncle Percy. "Each car has a plate with the donor's name. A splendid idea—"

After dinner his uncle went to the hotel door with Oliver. He swore because there was no taxicab to be had.

"Why stop at the Ritz," he demanded loudly of the porter, "if the ordinary comforts are denied me?"

"No matter, uncle," said Oliver. "I'll walk."

"Good night," said Uncle Percy. "Good luck, my boy. I haven't been home in ten years. But, by the Lord Harry, if this thing keeps up, I'll go back next election to cast my vote."

Oliver walked to his hotel. He suddenly felt that he must lose no more time in getting at the enemy—for Uncle Percy's sake. But he had a vague feeling that he would serve Uncle Percy better if he flew over Washington and dropped bombs on the White House.

AT the big aviation camp just outside of Paris, they were unwinding the red tape, clearing away the difficulties, to the end that Oliver might fly for France. The delay annoyed him. Despite some jolly parties with his friends, Paris was getting on his nerves. It was horribly quiet—and so many women in black. And children—this frightful habit of putting mourning on children—it was not fair to onlookers; so depressing. Uncle Percy had said the same thing.

Finally Oliver was admitted to membership in an aviation corps. For a time he was tried out cautiously. Assigned to the defense of Paris, he flew only in the neighborhood of that city. Then he was sent down to the trenches, and allowed to take part in the work of directing the fire of the big French guns.

It was during this period that he chanced to be, one evening, at a hospital base where one of the ambulance squads

"He knew his duty, and he did it. He fired and brought the German down."

"'Forgive me if I am rude,' she said. 'There is a word in your language to describe what you have done—a very ugly word. I will go now—lest I speak it.'"

was quartered, and he walked among the cars, trying to find those donated by Uncle Percy and discover how they were holding up. Each car had a plate bearing the donor's name; but, unfortunately, the plates were so plastered with mud that Oliver could not make out any of the names. In the course of his inspection he came upon Carter, the boy who had crossed with him. Carter was strangely engaged.

"Hello," said Carter. "How are you making out? They gave me a new car to-night, and I'm getting it ready."

And he stooped, seized a handful of mud, and began to plaster it over the plate bearing the name of the donor.

"What on earth are you doing?" Oliver inquired.

"I'm erasing the name of the gracious gentleman who gave us this car," the boy said. "We do it to all of them—it's by way of a christening. You don't suppose I'd go out there on the firing line with this libel on our generosity gleaming in the sun, do you?"

Oliver stared at him. Over them hung a calm and placid moon, lighting that little square where a hundred worn automobiles were parked. The windows in the buildings all about were dark and sinister—all save those in the city hall, where men in agony were fighting for their lives.

"I don't understand," said Oliver.

Carter's face seemed old and haggard in the moonlight.

"If you and your bunch understood," he said, "there wouldn't be any plates; and I shouldn't have to wallow in this mud."

Oliver said afterward that Carter was a queer fish.

TWO days later Oliver was admitted to the company of the men who killed. On a glorious winter afternoon, with the sun a faint yellow above him, he took part in a raid on a railway station back of the enemy's lines. He had five bombs, and he landed them all before the places of the enemy put him to flight. It was exhilarating to fly there in the blue sky, to watch the insects below him scurry in terror at his approach, to feel that he had done his duty well.

He was commended for bravery by his captain. And indeed he was brave—but not especially worthy of praise for it. For he was utterly lacking in imagination; he could not picture death.

FOR more than a month he served faithfully and well. Then, returning one evening from an inspection of the enemy's lines, he met over the trenches of his own side a German plane. He knew his duty, and he did it. The German fired first, and caught Oliver in the left shoulder. Oliver showed his mettle then. Still keeping a firm control of his machine, he fired and brought the German down.

When he himself had landed safely, Oliver went over and looked at his vanquished foe. He saw a handsome blond boy who might have been in his own club; he noticed, too, that he wore a wedding ring. For a moment Oliver felt a trifle faint; then they began to crowd around him.

They dressed the wound in Oliver's shoulder and sent him back to Paris to recover. He read in the order of the day that he was down to receive the Cross of War.

Uncle Percy was one in the French capital when Oliver got there. He had returned to London—presumably to stand in the street forlorn before his clubs. But with the news of Oliver's exploit he wrote joyfully that he was received everywhere again, and that he was a proud man.

Paris was lonely. Coolidge had gone back to the States; so had most of Oliver's other friends. In the street one day he met Helen Ferris. She was quite pale and said little, except that she had made a horrible mistake and was sailing for home the next day. Oliver, always tactful, asked her how she liked hospital work. She walked away from him, not speaking, a kind of dumb terror in her eyes.

SPRING had come. The trees along the Champs Élysées were green again; in the Tuileries flowers were blooming. But Oliver, who had known other springs in Paris, was the more depressed. This was so different. No more happy luncheons in the restaurants of the Bois; no more lazy afternoons under the gay sidewalk awnings of the boulevard cafés. The city was tense, waiting for the end. It felt now that the end would be good, but through what seas of blood must it yet pass?

Daily Oliver grew more dispirited. He remembered that at home tennis and golf had come again. He began to long for his own country, for the peace of it. The result was that he applied for his discharge from the aviation corps, and got it.

Two nights before he left, a woman friend of his mother gave him a farewell dinner in her apartment; and there he met the lovely daughter of the Count de Virney. His mother's friend had told him that the Count's daughter had expressed a desire to meet him, to thank him for France. And when Oliver saw the girl he thrilled.

She was fair, slim, vivacious despite the cloud of sorrow in her eyes. Once he had seen her, Oliver told himself that to sail for home two days later was impossible. Her smiles were all for Oliver; the dinner was the most perfect he could remember. And after it was over, on a balcony that looked out on the Seine, she tried to tell him what was in her heart.

"You will never understand," she said softly, "what your coming and the coming of others like you has meant to us over here. Though we never sought your aid, you know and understood. When the horrible flood broke over our borders, you, thousands of miles away, safe beyond the sea—you thrilled at the suffering of France. To offer one's life for one's own country, that is only duty; to offer it for another country, that is splendid, that is beautiful."

"Pardon me," said Oliver. Suddenly, and for almost the first time in his life, he felt horribly uncomfortable. "You're quite wrong; you don't understand—"

"You know what this war has meant to me and mine," the girl went on. "We do not often speak of it, but my two brothers fell in the battle of the Marne. One—he was a hundred feet in advance of his regiment—and the bayonets—" She covered her face with her hands, then looked up proudly. "I love to feel that it is because they died that Paris is Paris to-night."

"You have been wonderful—you French," cried Oliver. "Please don't speak of me the way you have. You've got me all wrong. I'm ashamed to say it, but you ought to know the truth. Old Ben Coolidge wrote me a letter—"

"You would be modest—yes," the girl said. "I understand. But when I heard of what you had done—you, the friend of my friend—I said I must come here to-night. Without my family, alone, as girls do in your country—is it not so?—I resolved to come here and to thank you for France. You—"

"No," cried Oliver, very warm and unhappy. "You mustn't—you don't understand. Old Ben Coolidge wrote me a letter—that's all. He said all the fellows were over here. I had nothing else on—so I came. Don't you see how it was? I came to be with the bunch."

The girl stared at him with wide eyes.

"I—I do not believe it, monsieur," she said.

"But it's true," said Oliver miserably. "Old Ben wrote the letter—"

"Tell me—" She stood very straight and solemn in the moonlight. "If your friends had been—on the other side—"

"Oh, but they wouldn't," said Oliver. "We've had a lot of good times in Paris. Of course they'd all be on this side—"

"But if they had not—"

"I—I don't know, really," stammered Oliver. "I wanted to be with the bunch—"

The girl turned away from him. He waited, breathless.

"Forgive me if I am rude," she said. "Monsieur—you have killed for a sport. There is a word in your language to describe it—a very ugly word. I will go now—lest I speak it."

She stepped through the window, and Oliver was left alone on the balcony. For a time he stood, wounded, unhappy, and gazed out over the darkened city. Into his mind came the memory of many things he had witnessed since coming to this stricken country—a mighty pageant of sorrow. A great shame filled his heart.

When he went inside, the daughter of the Count de Virney was gone.

OLIVER sailed for home on the appointed day. There was some disposition on the ship to make a hero of him, but it met with no encouragement from him. Finally he came again to Boston, and on the evening of the day of his arrival he found himself alone with his mother in the library.

"Did you see Agatha to-day?" his mother asked.

"No," said Oliver briefly.

"Agatha is very much wrought up about the war." His mother smiled slightly. "She is collecting money to buy mouth organs for the soldiers in the trenches."

"Huh," said Oliver.

"I met Ben Coolidge last week," went on Mrs. Winterslip. "He told me you were having a jolly time over there. I think those were the words he used." She paused, waiting for Oliver to speak; but he said nothing. "Oliver," she went on, "was it true? Did you have—a jolly time?"

"No, I did not," said Oliver. He came and stood by her chair. "I started out all right—but at the end I woke up. I woke up to myself, and to Coolidge—to the whole empty-headed bunch of us who had gone over there because it was a popular thing to do. Oh, some of the fellows know why they're over there—a fellow named Carter; I met him on the boat. But the rest— It's great sport—for the rest. And I was one of them. Mother," he said, "you must have known—why did you let me make a fool of myself?"

"Because I hoped," smiled his mother, her eyes shining. "And all that I hoped for seems to have happened. Tell me, Oliver, just how it happened."

"There was a French girl," said Oliver. "Rather beautiful, too. Wonderful eyes. She told me what I was—told me plainly, though she didn't use the word."

He was silent for a moment.

"Next Monday," he said, "I'm going back to New York. I've got a job doing relief work there—fifty a month it pays, and the money goes back into the treasury of the association. I shall miss all the tennis, of course—and the work isn't very spectacular; but I want to square myself—"

"With—the French girl?" asked his mother.

"If it isn't too late," he said. "Anyhow—with you—with myself. And when that's ended—I'm going to ask father to take me back at the office. I'll really try this time."

He stooped and kissed her.

"I think now I'll take a little walk," he said. "I want to—think."

He went out. His mother heard the outer door close behind him. She sat at the window, gazing out at that well-bred river that flows to a historic harbor. She was a happy woman. For the son she had hoped for, had dreamed of, seemed to be born at last.

Salt in the Great War

DOWN from the ages comes the belief that salt has some mysterious curative power. Perhaps it originated by analogy from its preservative effect on foods. At any rate, in history we find salt wherever the whipping-post was used—salt rubbed in the raw wheals upon the victim's back. To him perhaps it was only an additional torture; but the general belief was that it insured a clean, quick healing.

In Russia, to-day, salt follows punishments with the knout. In times of primitive methods of healing it was observed that sailors wounded in battle recovered more quickly than soldiers, because brine was the only water available with which to wash them. Hot salt water was our grandmothers' remedy for toothache. It has also been prescribed by a distinguished specialist, the sort of person who regrets that radium would not fit your case. Even the staid Encyclopædia Britannica says that the salt-saturated steam in which salt-makers work "seems specially preservative against colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc."

Gangrene Cured by Salt

AND now, in the great European War, one of the most famous English physicians has found a use for salt: to cure infection and drain gangrenous wounds of their poison. Shortly after the death of his eldest son, Sir Almroth E. Wright, M.D., F.R.S., was appointed consulting physician of the expeditionary forces.

Every atom of his imagination, his concentration, and his determination has been devoted to the work of saving wounded soldiers. In the research laboratory of General Hospital No. 13, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, he attacked the one big problem of the war: how to prevent or cure infection in wounds. And he found the answer.

For years chemists have known of a principle called osmosis—the tendency of any two liquids, capable of mixing, to mingle if separated only by a permeable partition. And, if they are of different consistency, the thinner liquid will flow into the thicker much faster than the thicker liquid will flow into it. By this known rule, wounds are being drained and the most dangerous cases of gangrene totally cured.

Wherever there is a wound there is a flow of lymph—a substance which, in a clean wound, tends to soothe the torn tissues and also to seal the wound. Now, this is just what must be guarded against. A wound must not be sealed with bacteria inside it; the danger of such a course is evident. So the injured part is placed in a 5 per cent. salt solution—common, ordinary salt—with the addition of ½ per cent. of nitrate of soda to help prevent the coagulating of the lymph. Then, by the continuous working of the process of osmosis, the denser solution "draws" the lymph from the wound, and with it the bacteria and all poisonous substances. In other words, it exerts a steady sucking process not only at the opening of the wound but through all the surrounding tissue.

How the Remedy Is Applied

HAVING made this discovery after months of the most exhaustive work, the next thing was to invent practical means of applying it. In this some of Sir Almroth Wright's aides helped.

One device is a cup that can be filled with solution and inverted over a small wound. Another—and this is Sir Almroth Wright's own—is a scheme for keeping a bandage wet by making of the bandage itself a siphon leading to a vessel of solution placed on a higher level than the wound. For deep and involved cavities, earthen pipes lead into the depths of the injured tissues, and by this simple siphon a continuous flow of the solution into the infected area is secured.

On March 30, 1915, Sir Almroth Wright delivered an address before the Royal Society of Medicine, detailing his various discoveries, and demonstrating by actual experiments the methodology of his treatment. It is interesting to note the strength of his recommendation:

"I may perhaps be allowed to say . . . with regard to the simple 5 per cent. salt solution . . . that it has in this war proved itself preeminently useful. When brought into application upon a dry and infiltrated wound, or a wound that is foul and covered with slough, it resolves the induration, brings back the moisture to the surfaces, and cleans up the wound in a way that no other agent does. Applied in gaseous gangrene in the form of a wet dressing to incisions which have been carried down into infected tissues, it causes lymph to pour out of the wounds and arrests the spread of the infection. And, again, applied in gaseous gangrene to an amputated stump in cases where it has been necessary to leave infected tissues behind, it reverses the lymph stream and draws out the infected lymph—saving life in almost desperate conditions."

It is good to know that prizes and honors are falling to Sir Almroth Wright's lot. In 1913 he received the Hungary prize for researches on immunity and vaccine therapeutics; in 1914 the Osiris prize given by the Institute of France; in 1915 the Leconte triennial prize awarded by the Paris Académie des Sciences. This last achievement of his seems almost beyond recompense.

Who's Who in the Animal Kingdom

THE chap that rose from boot-black to President has nothing on Billy, here, who now lives in the Hotel Biltmore, the home of a thousand bedrooms. Billy himself can't explain it. He had always been a hard-working dray-horse on New York's East Side, when all at once he felt himself rising in the world. Not by his own efforts, either. After twenty-six stories of rising they hid him out on the Biltmore roof. In winter he works an hour or two scraping the snow off the skating rink. The rest of the time he eats, and listens to the music. "Hoss life is a great life," says Billy Biltmore, "but the apples up here haven't quite the same flavor as the ones I used to select myself from those charming pushcarts."

"LADDIE" delivers papers on one side of the street while William Spratling, who owns him, delivers on the other side. Inman Park, down in Atlanta, Georgia, is the section that Laddie works. He runs up the steps of each subscriber's house, and if no one is at home he leaves the paper carefully on the door-step.

IT is Jim's job to stay with the wagon while his master the driver is delivering tobacco to the retail shops of Meridian, Mississippi. Not even the proprietors of the firm can take a box of cigarettes from the wagon until Jim's master tells him it's O. K. Jim is an Airedale terrier, and his firm says he saves them a $25 loss weekly by theft.

NO amount of money could buy Polly Mulock from Mr. Corwin Mulock of Philadelphia. Awhile ago Mr. Mulock's drug store caught fire in the night. "Fire! Store!" shrieked Polly, all alone downstairs. Has Polly her crackers now? She buys them by the bin.

INTRODUCING a common, hardy, ever-blooming Maltese who answers—when hungry—to the name of Tom. He was born on a schooner, and lost one life when she sank under her crew in Boston harbor three years ago. He and his sailor master shipped on another vessel, which went aground in a gale off Cape Cod. The Pamet River Coast Guard rescued all hands, and now Tom is having the time of his seven remaining lives letting summer visitors pet him.

THIS Boston bull terrier Bob is the most popular member of his fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon, at Purdue University. It was Bob's warning bark on a frosty morning last March that told twenty-four fellow students the fire escape for theirs. Then Bob proceeded to get nearly drowned in the basement before the fire-fighters could get to him. But a "vet" pulled him through, and now the world is his.

"Scream after scream came from the girl's lips: 'Tara! Tara! Tara!"

The Girl Beyond the Trail

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

SCARCELY had David, sensed the girl's words of warning than he was on his feet. And now, when he saw her, he thanked God that his head was clear and that he could fight. Even yesterday, when she had stood before the fighting bears and he had fought Brokaw, she had not been whiter than she was now. Her face told him of their danger before he had seen it with his own eyes: it told him their peril was appallingly near, and there was no chance of escaping it. He saw, for the first time, that his bed on the ground had been close to the wall of an old cabin which was in a little dip in the face of the mountain.

Before he could take in more, or discover a visible sign of their enemies, Marge had caught his hand and was drawing him to the end of the shack. She did not speak as she pointed downward. At the edge of the valley, just beginning the ascent, were eight or ten men, and at that distance it was not difficult to make out Hauck and Brokaw.

David could not determine their exact number, for as he looked they were already disappearing under the face of a lower dip in the mountain. They were not more than four or five hundred yards away. It would take them a matter of twenty minutes to make the ascent to the cabin.

He looked at Marge. Despairingly she pointed to the mountain behind them. For a quarter of a mile it was a sheer wall of red sandstone. Their one way of flight lay downward, practically into the faces of their enemies.

"I was going to rouse you before it was light, Sakewawin," she explained, in a voice dead with hopelessness. "I kept awake for hours, and then I fell asleep. Baree awakened me, and now—it is too late."

"Yes, too late to run!" said David.

A flash of fire leaped into her eyes.

"You mean—"

"We can fight!" he cried. "Good God, Marge—if I only had my own gun now!" He thrust a hand into his pocket and drew forth the cartridges she had given him. "Thirty-two!" And only eleven of them! It's got to be short range for us. We can't put up a running fight, for they'd keep out of range of this little pea-shooter and fill me as full of holes as a sieve."

She was tugging at his arm.

"The cabin, Sakewawin!" she exclaimed with sudden inspiration. "It has a strong bar at the door, and I remember the clay has fallen in places from between the logs, leaving openings through which you can shoot. We must take Tara and Baree in with us."

He was examining Nisikoos' rifle.

"At a hundred and fifty yards it's good for a man," he said. "You get the beasts and the pack inside, Marge. I'm going to take a dilemma by the horns and eliminate two or three of our friends from this shoot-fest as they come up over that knoll down there. They won't be looking for bullets this early in the game, and I'll have them at an advantage. If I'm lucky enough to get Hauck and Brokaw—"

DAVID'S eyes had selected a big rock twenty yards from the cabin, from which he could overlook the slope to the first dip below them; and as Marge darted from him to get Tara and Baree into the cabin, he crouched behind the boulder and waited. He figured that it was not more than a hundred and fifty yards to the point where their pursuers would first appear, and he made up his mind that he would wait until they were nearer than that before he opened fire.

Not one of those eleven precious cartridges must be wasted, for he could count on Hauck's revolver only at close quarters. It was no longer a time for doubt or indecision.

Marge led Tara into the cabin, Baree had crept up beside David, and lay flat on the ground close to the rock. A moment or two later the girl reappeared, ran across the narrow open space to David, and crouched down beside him.

"You must go into the cabin, Marge," he remonstrated.

"I'm going to stay with you, Sakewawin."

HER face was no longer white. Her eyes shone as she looked at him, and—she smiled. A child! His heart rose wholeheartedly in his throat. Her face was close to his, and she whispered:

"Last night I kissed you, Sakewawin. I thought you were dying. Before you I have kissed Nisikoos; never any one else."

Why did she say that, with that wonderful glow in her eyes? Was it the death climbing up the mountain? Was it because she wanted him to know—before that? A child!

She whispered again:

"And you—have never kissed me, Sakewawin. Why?"

His fingers relinquished their grip on the rifle. Slowly he drew her to him, until her head lay against his breast, her shining eyes and parted lips turned up to him, and he kissed her on the mouth, not once but a dozen times, and then held her back from him and looked into her face.

"Because—" he began, and stopped.

Baree was growling. David peered down the slope.

"They are coming!" he said. "Marge, you must creep back to the cabin!"

"I am going to stay with you, Sakewawin. See, I will flatten myself out like this—with Baree."

She snuggled herself down against the rock, and again David peered from his ambush. Their pursuers were well over the crest of the dip, and he counted nine. They were advancing in a group, and he saw that both Hauck and Brokaw were in the rear, and that they were using staffs in their toil upward, and did not carry rifles. The remaining seven were armed, and were headed by Langdon, who was fifteen or twenty yards ahead of his companions. David made up his mind quickly to take Langdon first, and to follow up with the others who carried rifles. Hauck and Brokaw, unarmed with guns, were the least dangerous just at present. He would get Brokaw with his fifth shot—the sixth if he made a miss with the fifth.

A thin strip of shale marked his hundred-yard dead-line, and the instant Langdon set his foot on this David fired. A fierce yell of defiance rang from David's lips as Langdon whirled in his tracks and pitched down among the men behind him. He rose up boldly from behind his rock and fired again. In that huddled and astonished mass he could not miss. A shriek came up to him. He fired a third time, and he heard a joyous cry of triumph beside him as their enemies rushed for safety toward the dip from which they had just climbed.

A fourth shot, and he picked out Brokaw. Twice he missed. His gun was empty when Brokaw lunged out of view. Langdon remained an inanimate blotch on the strip of shale. A few steps below him was a second body. A third man was dragging himself on hands and knees over the crest of the coulée.

Three—with six shots! And he had missed Brokaw! Inwardly David groaned as he caught the girl by an arm and hurried with her into the cabin, followed by Baree.

THEY were not a moment too soon. From over the edge of the coulée came a fusillade of shots from the heavy-caliber guns of the mountain men that sent out sparks of fire from the rock.

As he thrust the remaining five cartridges into the chamber of Nisikoos' rifle David looked about the cabin. In one of the farther corners the huge grizzly sat on his quarters, as motionless as if stuffed. In the center of the single big room was an old box-stove partly fallen to pieces. That was all.

Marge had dropped the sapling bar across the door, and stood with her back against it. There was no window, and the closing of the door had shut out most of the light. He knew that she was breathing quickly, and the wonderful light that had come into her eyes was still glowing at him in the half gloom.

It gave him fresh confidence to see her standing like that, looking at him in that way, telling him without words that a thing had come into her life which had lifted her above fear. He went to her and took her in his arms again, and again he kissed her sweet mouth, and felt her heart beating against him.

A SPLINTERING crash sent him reeling to the center of the cabin with Marge in his arms. The crash had come simultaneously with the report of a rifle, and both saw where the bullet had entered through the door six inches above David's head, carrying a splinter as large as his arm with it. He had not thought of the door. It was the cabin's one vulnerable point, and he sprang out of line with it as a second bullet crashed through and buried itself in the wall.

In the log walls were the open chinks that Marge had told him about; and David sprang to one of these apertures, wide enough to let the barrel of his rifle through, and looked in the direction from which the two shots had come. He was in time to catch a movement among the rocks on the side of the mountain a couple of hundred yards away, as a third shot tore its way through the door, glanced from the steel top of the stove, and struck two feet over Tara's back.

There were two men up there among the rocks, and their first shots were followed by a steady bombardment that fairly riddled the door. David could see their heads and shoulders and the gleam and faint puffs of their rifles; but he held his fire. Where were the other four, he

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8—Counts and Countesses: Count Them—8

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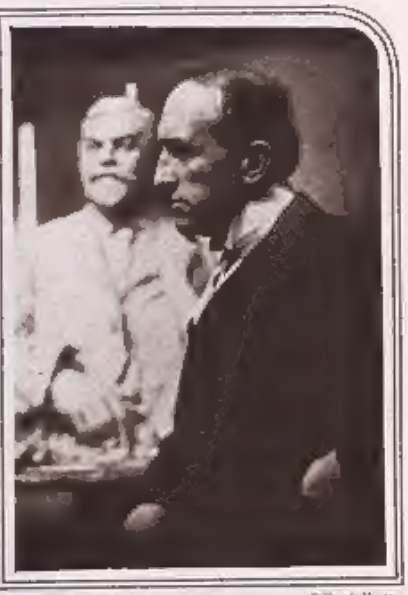
WHEN the dreadful war is over, and Von Hindenburg is traveling with Jess Willard in the circus, and the movies have captured General Joffre, many a count and countess will be counting the hours between meals. But not the noble men and women on this page. They are over on this side already and safely established. Prince Pierre Troubetskoy, for instance, of ancient Russian lineage, is a portrait-painter—and doing very well at it, thank you.

Photograph by the White Studio.

PERSONALLY, we are President of the Society for the Elimination of Animal Acts, Musical Families, and Dancing Specialties from Vaudeville. We can not interpret interpretative dancing, and we therefore can not express judgment on the work of the Countess Thumara Swirskaia at the Winter Garden. But to the Countess we say, Welcome to the land of the free.



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IF many more families like the Troubetskoys come to our glorious land it will be good night to those of us who follow Art. Pierre paints: (see picture 1) Paul, here shown, sculps; and the Princess Troubetskoy writes novels that wives read while the beans burn to the bottom of the pan. A talented family, say we, looking at the Correspondence School ads and wondering what we can do in case any more such families arrive from abroad.

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bregman.

THOSE who live food with their music, and who visit the Hotel Vanderbilt, may not know it, but the music is furnished by a regular Italian nobleman, Count Augusto de Martini. We envy the Count his job. Just when the diners are plunging into the roast duck, he can play "The Star-Spangled Banner" and make them all stand up.

WILL all authors intending to send us plays and vaudeville sketches, with the request that we "just glance through them some evening and write me a word of criticism because I knew your Aunt Sarah in Coshocton," please address same to Countess Vanturini, New York. The Countess is a play producer and manager, as well as an actress.

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bregman.

THE next time you push the little button and no light shines, don't be satisfied with calling any old electrician. Call in Count Anton von Wachendorff. The Count came over from northern Germany, and is doing the thing he always wanted to do, and having a good time doing it. Evenings he invents. He and we are working on a scheme to put an electric punch in this magazine, so that back copies can be used to cure rheumatism.

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bregman.

IF the Baroness von Tuerk-Rohn were to pin on all her medals at once, and the Kaiser were to pin on all his, you could hardly tell them apart. She sang in the Vienna Opera for two years, and has medals from Rumania, Russia, Servia, and other countries. She loves music, and is teaching it in this country.

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bregman.

ELSE, Baroness von Freytag, is said to be the most remarkable artist's model in the United States. When financial trouble fell upon her family, it worried her not at all. She had her Art, and turned to it at once. Why do so many artists marry their models? Answer: Woman poses and man proposes. (Jake to fill out space.)

Their Busines

ONE of the best little jobs of picking up is holding the train of George Rex Imperator, Defender of the Faith, etc. It looks easy enough—just pulling on the reins a bit when his Majesty canters too fast, and giving him one quick tug on the right when you want him to gee and one on the left when he ought to haw. But not any old kid can get the job. Not by a long shot. For one thing, you've got to be a direct descendant of William the Conqueror. There aren't many of those in England, so it's easy to pick the right boy.

Photograph from Brown Brothers.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, do it quick: Let me travel with Wagner and pick up his stick. If John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie could have just one wish, this kid would be out of a job to-morrow. Probably no other human being is envied by so many different millionaires in the course of a season. To be back there at fourteen again, with no school, and nothing to do but pick up Speaker's bat when he shouts for first—to travel with the greatest men in the world and be paid for it. Gee! Also gosh!

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

FOR some reason or other, the business of the in the past two years. The place is run by Krupp's girl, Bertha, don't you? Used to live father Alfred took charge of the place about a roll of $1.08 a week. To-day Bertha owns some her place covers 2000 acres, 200 of them under Wilhelm, and that he don't dare to take her ba

BEHOLD in this picture an initiation into the "Where's My" Club? The Club has three degrees, corresponding to the three ages of man. The first is, "Mother, where's my mittens?" the second is, "Wife, where's my pipe?" and the last is, "Daughter, where's my muffler?" It takes three women to get one man safely through life. Personally, we don't see where women are going to find time for this voting business. Somebody's got to pick up the kid's toys off the floor before we get home from work, so we'll have some place to drop our newspapers and cigar ashes.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

© Underwood & Underwood.

THE caddie's business is picking up golf clubs, lost balls, occasional quarters, and words of the shorter and uglier variety. Eddie Lowry, here shown, is caddie to his eminence Francis Ouimet; and not caddie only, but also adviser, mascot, and friend. Eddie has followed Francis over the links of America, France, and England. He knows just what club to use next, and where to look for the ball. How good his vocabulary may be we can't say; but we have no doubt that it also is very good, Eddie.

IN eastern Kansas there are only two classes of potato-pickers who can stay in the fields all day—the farmer's own family, who've got to stay; and the hoboes, who drift in when wages are high. Their skins, not being softened by the foolish luxury of baths, stand the heat all right. In early summer their business is picking up potatoes in Kansas; in later summer they go north to pick the later potatoes; then east to pick apples in the fall; and in winter to Chicago or New York. It was one of these who hurt his hand picking up his favorite brand of cigar last winter. Yes; just as he went to reach for it, the original owner of it stepped on his thumb.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

ds Picking Up

SOME day when you have all paid your subscriptions a couple of years in advance, we are going to take the $1.95 and disappear and become a beachcomber. What more glorious life than to sit quietly on the edge and see what the sea washes up? Seaweed that you can sell to patent-medicine manufacturers, to be sold afterward in the public with a prettier on green paper and once in a while a nice chunk of ambergris, a small hunk of which is worth $10,000. Whan are the wild waves saying?

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THINK of the time you went to Chicago to the World's Fair. That was a thousand-mile journey. Then imagine trenches dug all that long way and you get some idea of the battle lines in Europe. And behind each line are the brave men and women whose business is picking up the wounded. Before 1864 there was no Red Cross Society. Then Henri Dunant presented the idea of a Red Cross Committee to all the nations, and international headquarters were established at Geneva.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

...istory has been picking up like the dickens ...Bertha Krupp—you remember old man ...Dickinson? Sure. Well, when her grandson ... back, it had three workmen and a pay-... blast-furnaces, and coal-mines, and ...they do say that Bertha talks right up to ...'ll up and take away his Jack Johnsons.

YOU thought you were pretty smart with your new field glasses when you spotted the other vessel on the horizon at eight bells. But the wireless operator looked down upon you from his little coop, and his glance was distainful. For he knew the other vessel was there yesterday afternoon, and exchanged baseball scores for war news with the other wireless man. In this picture behold a new invention by Colonel George Squiers of the United States Army. With this head-piece clamped over his ears the wireless man can pick up a popular song with his right ear while with his left he is getting the latest from Wall Street.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

"I CAN pick up as much" (no, not misspelled dialect) "as when I was twenty," says Gramonill. "and I am so many years over twenty that if you gave me a cigar for each year it would take me three weeks to smoke 'em." Gramonill trained Jim Corbett and made Sandow "what he is to-day," and for $25 a guarantees to make any man exactly three times as strong as he finds him. "I care not what country he comes from," says Dramonji. "France, England, Chelsea, or Hoboken."

HE looks like a tramp, but he's really an actor and he plays on the emotions of the simple passer-by for a living. His stage properties consist of an old hunk of bread, and his stage business is picking up. A simple little skit. He puts his faithful old hunk of bread on the sidewalk steps into a doorway, marshaling his features to register "hunger," and waits for an audience with a total face. When such an audience approaches, he hobbles forward, registering "starvation," and throws himself ravenously on the hunk of bread. Naturally, the kind-faced person says: "Here, my good man. Buy yourself some calves brains."

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

Does It Pay to Study at Home?

DON'T envy the fellow who steps into a fine job because he knows his business. Instead, get out all your musty old school books, decide what kind of a job you'd like to have, and begin to study. After that there won't be much for you to do except to keep your engine on the main track with her boilers fired and her orders "full steam ahead." If you don't believe that success can come this way just sit down in this little testimony meeting and listen. Here is Lilla J. Jordan for instance. She decided that she'd like to start a hospital. But she was forty years old, and hospital training schools were closed to her. So she studied at home. To-day she is superintendent of Hill Crest Hospital in Auburn, Maine, with an enviable record of success.

GREAT men have ever been misers of minutes. Lord Bacon's fame springs from the work of his leisure hours while Chancellor of England. During an interview with a monarch, Goethe suddenly excused himself to write down a thought for "Faust," lest it escape him. To Samuel Budgett an idle hour was a "sort of purgatory." Witness now this present-day lad who started as an apprentice and is now second lieutenant at a salary of $170 a month. Francisco B. Valdes saw that if he worked up through the ordinary channels it would require years. So he began to spend every waking hour off duty at his studies. He took government examinations as fast as he could prepare himself and leaped years ahead of his less ambitious companions.

JUST because you didn chance to be born in a log cabin, don feel that you have no opportunity to make a mark for yourself. Log cabins had precious little to do with the greatness of Lincoln or Garfield. Each made his name immortal because he was dissatisfied and persevering. Both had to borrow books because they could not afford to buy. Both drove mules on a canal tow-path, both split wood. B. S. McMullen, modern-day success, worked his way up from dock-checker to the position of freight and passenger agent of one of the biggest steamship companies on the Pacific coast. "If I hadn't spent every spare minute digging away at my home course of studies," says he, "it would have taken me ten years to accomplish what I did in one."

IF a genius like Gladstone always carried a book in his pocket, lest a spare moment be wasted, what, pray, can you and I be thinking about when we squander hours? The seed of the thoughts used to invade the mind of young Willard B. Harris as he walked home from the railroad office where he held a job as clerk. He always stopped along the way to look at the shop windows. Somehow he couldn get away from a hankering to decorate a window better than any he saw. So he pooled those spare hours and his hankering, and added the help of a correspondence school. In a surprisingly short time he jumped from clerk to advertising manager of a big department store.

"AND, above all, study, study, study! All the genius in the world will not help you along in any art unless you become a hard student." This is the testimony of Salvini, the great Italian tragedian. Fred C. Howard, a young draftsman, acted on this advice. He couldn't manage a college course, but he studied at home. One day a firm advertised for a junior draftsman. Howard was the tenth to be examined. He showed his drawings, and it took the boss just two minutes to announce to the waiting crowd, "This is the man I want."

WHEN Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist, was asked what he considered his greatest discovery, he replied, "Michael Faraday." Faraday was apprenticed as a lad to a bookbinder. While working on the Encyclopaedia Britannica, he became interested in electricity and went to hear Sir Davy lecture. Later Sir Davy employed him to clean instruments in his laboratory. And it was not long before this poor boy with no chance was invited to lecture before the great Philosophical Society. W. Elwood Boyder, the man with the microscope is another who had no chance. But without even a common-school education, he became president of his concern. He was working as a sample boy at $40 a month when he took up a correspondence course.

THE man who has just raised his goggles to have his picture taken is Jean G. Vincent, vice-president of Engineering, Packard Motor Company. Mr. Vincent used to work at a bench making tools, and he didn own a car. But the same ambition that down the ages has inspired Lincoln and Greeley and Franklin pursued Vincent. He did not have to walk four miles every day to work in a book-store in order to receive $1.25 a week, as did John Wanamaker. But it took courage and perseverance, nevertheless, for the bench worker to plug steadily away on his studies at night when the other fellows were enjoying their leisure. To-day he stands accredited in engineering circles.

A Business You Can Start

I WAS in my first year at high school when the idea of making money out

Four days later I received a ch ten dollars in payment with a pol

hat were the wonder and dollars' worth of

Anybody with industry and a little plot of ground

riend, the p aged me n

I started by buyi

o'clock, work at cultivating the young plants until seven. Then stop for

In the afternoon another hour in the garden When October came my plants were over seven feet ta

My first sale was made through t

n was planning to give a big Reception hose six hund ful white blos at I could ht want, an nples, at the rate They telephoned an

ing of the day on which they be used, packed them carefully, a ed them delivered by our grocer w ent an automobile to town daily

n advertisements in neat paper stating

r helped me with his work, and I paid

promised him a ten per cent. share of the profi In four years I had my

but it was paying

York hospital, but I

hat I could go back t with two hu dollars capital soon he profits of which

heart sprin plans go to seed. C fully, and after they are thoroughly dry put in envelops marked with the name of the flower and the date when they were gathered.

If you have no choice plants of the varieties you wish to grow purchase your seeds from a reliable dealer. But, above all things, prepare this fall for your next year's work.

Fish that Fight for Prizes

To see a fish-fight, one must go to t is the national sport, and o Siamese it is as fascinating as a cock-fighting o the Malays. The men of that country will stake on fish-figh not only all the money t their wives and child

It is no uncommon thing in Siam, to see a man shaking treat with a chatting. The bulge represents a small glass bowl of water containing a fighting-fish which the owner is anxious to match against somebody

The reason for t Fish-fighting is a monopoly in Siam Fish-fights are said, bring annual revenue to the li nlicensed fish-fight is like a in the United States the managers spectators are liable to be arrested and jailed.

Just as cocks are bred for fighting, so are these fishes in Siam, where a spe ecies of game fighting-fish has been developed. They are so tiny that they are commonly kept in tumblers of water, and fed with mosquito wrigglers and other aquatic a

the males that do the fighting, always in the manner of the duello

other in fashion, like two roosters, trying, w their strong jaws and shar flict disabling injuries by

The fins and tails of these fighting-fish are huge relatively to the size of the little creatures. In the breeding season the males enhance their brilliant markings with a lustrous oliv

Fish that Build Nests

BUT there are other points in which the fighting-fish of Siam is remarkable and extraordinary. For one thing, it is an air-breather ot depending, as do oxygen lib

produces its species, under condi for other fishes would be impossible. No other kind of fish is so easy to bree

These Siamese fighting-fish have been bred for centuries in small glass bo other such receptacles, earth-s house-tops,

offspring are not nurturing of ilding habit of

bles, which, extruded from the mouth of with a

from a prepared fishi her eggs in the mass of id her mate sh. Indeed

big enough to take

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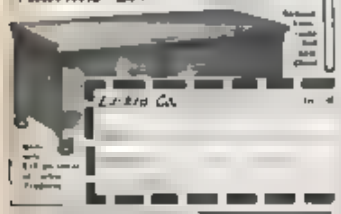

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THE EDITOR
EVERY WEEK
85 Madison Avenue
New York City

Beware the Shyster Lawyer

By GEORGE F. WORTS

WHEN the young man who had been struck from behind by a skidding taxicab woke up in the hospital the following afternoon, the first person to rush to his side was a man he had never seen before in his life.

After the cordially sympathetic stranger had uttered a few words, the injured man wondered if the accident, besides breaking him physically, had played tricks with his

Addressing him by his first name, the stranger spoke in tearful accents about how sorry "everybody" fel

"Who do you mean—everybody?"

o the cot—who w

"And everybody's mighty sore about the way that taxi-driver steered me you, ignoring the ques-

"They all say you ought to sue that cab company and

His face fairly

While the injured man was turning this pleasant thought over in his mind, the stranger took out a fountain pen and some paper.

"We all think you ought to collect big damages," went on the man genially, "and it just happens that I represent a firm of live-wire lawyers who make a specialty of such cases as yours. You've got a sure-fire case, but you will need sharp lawyers to squeeze the last penny out of it for you. That's why we want to handle your case. Just sign along the dotted line. I along here. This is a retainer. It gives us the authority to begin the investigation. We won't charge you a cent if we If we win we'll take part of We'll split the proceeds—fifty-fifty. Why you ought to make $1500. It's a cinch!"

The victim signed the retainer.

The taxicab company, knowing the character of their assailants, decided to take the case to court. The "live-wire" attorneys demanded $5000 damages, and $1000. According to the verbal agreement, the injured man should have received $500. Did he receive $500? Decidedly not. After the "costs" and the "fees" and the "incidentals" were subtracted, he received a check for $185.

Knowing nothing about illegal practices, he gulped and accepted the check.

The Beautiful Heiress

THE foregoing example illustrates the shyster lawyer's way of doing business. A more lurid example of his methods was revealed recently when the inner workings of a certain notorious murder trial were brought to light.

The attorney for the defense, through sheer luck, which was made evident, one of the rarest displays of stupidity a courthouse that a New York court-room has ever enjoyed, freed his client.

During the run the newspapers had a great deal to say about a mysterious woman who, it was understood, was supplying the funds to carry on the defense. She, with the trial, made excellent newspaper copy. Her true identity not disclosed until after he was when this beautiful, mysterious "heiress" appeared to the Bar Association. She was the attorney's "runner," and he had not paid her for securing the client. Because of insufficient evidence the lawyer was not disbarred.

Hard as it is to believe, the shyster lawyer does his cause more harm than good. The case merely interests him; he takes it because

the law. Let us see how the shyster will pry you away from yo

You are arrested for a minor crime—a misdemeanor—such as going swimming without an adequate bathing suit. The shyster will elbow his way to you at the of the magistrate's desk.

At that moment you have no money in your pocket. Your attorney will see that you are comfortably disposed behind bars; then he will take up his t of watchful waiting and systematic bleeding.

Have you any relatives or friends w ch money? Yes, one or two. How much can you get? About one hundred dollars. Very well, get it!

You can rest assured that you will s behind the bars until all the resources. The will

that your attorney has the work he will instruct you to plead guilty. He has "things fixed" with the judge and you will be given a light sentence.

The Case of Pat

( ) the oddest efforts on the part of reputable lawyers to filch money from unsuspecting clients came to the attention of the Bar Association recently, and resulted in the disbarment of one of its members.

The offender whom we shall call Pa

He had been saving every penny, planning to return to Ireland as soon as his bank account justified it. But within a week or two of the date he had set for embarking he had offended a policeman.

Pat was locked up, pending trial. His bail was set at $300. Pat confessed to his attorney that he had $850 in the bank. The attorney advised his client that if the

bail. This step in the lawyer's crooked Pat produced the bank-book.

The shyster returned later with the information that a withdrawal slip issued by Pat on his bank

filled in the slip above his own signature, and drew out

Meanwhile Pat languished in pa

pared But he Thro Pat

lawyers even bought a steering and, which his shyster friend p mitted to Pat.

This time, however, the shrewd Irishman could be tricked. The boat sailed. The lawyer breathed easier. Another Pat called at his office. He fused an interview so he took his gher authorities. After being compelled to return the money to the indignant Irishman, the lawyer was disbarred.

The undiluted shyster, the lawyer who will give you not even the semblance of a square deal, can be avoided by the ob

Never hire a lawyer who solicits your patronage under suspi

Never hire a law who advises you can rely upon vouchsa for h

Never Too Late to Save

IN a country as prosperous as this, any man who is ashamed of

"That man

N Kerr, but it seems to him rather late. In fact, he was seventy-four years old when he suddenly realized that he had saved any mo Now he's nearly eighty, and owns a house worth $2[illegible], has paid all his debts

and that was around $3000 wife and I moved three

If you're a scrapper because you have a mind of your own, take a leaf from the book of Samuel N. Kerr. He began at seventy-four

on ourselves. That sort thing kept up until one

I was seventy-four then suddenly a panic face to face with the cold fact that was an old man.

y earning power had been cut down by age, and for a [illegible]-ume of toil we had just $300 saved. I knew that if I didn face about pretty soon I'd find myself without a home.

"We invested our $900 in a little house with four rooms and a bath and a favored us. The plenty of veg- and that helped fully on the grocery bill. In four years the little home was paid for. And we're still saving, because we like the habit."

A Four-Mile Railroad

Twenty per cent. of the rolling stock of the shortest railroad in America.

THE shortest independent railroad system in America is owned and operated by residents of Quincy, the county-seat of Plumas County, California. The rate per mile is the highest in the world—four bits for a ride of four miles.

a most every family boy subscribed for road and entitled to annual passes, the trains are often so wel filled with pass-holders that the commercial travelers and other unfortunate cash-payers are compelled to stand on.

The rolling stock of the road consists of two locomotives and half a dozen cars, and each of the two trains makes two round trips each day, connecting Quincy with the main of the Western Pacific [illegible] employees over the question of an eight- he stockholders are Whether or not it pays in money, they are grateful to it for putting their town on the railroad ma

The Girl Beyond the Trail

Continued from page 8

wondered? Without doubt Hauck and
with the rifles
of the man who had fallen and he had
to deal with. Cautiously he thru
the muzzle of his gun through
and watched his chance, aiming a foot
and a half above the spo where a pair
nolders and a head would appear

and he fired. Thu
a disappeared, and
e he swung his rifle

ad then exposed himself
appeared, and David's heart
thumping wildly in the thought that his
bullets had reached their mark
both heads answered again and

anding at the door, but at the spot
from which he had fired, and a bullet
rapped through so close that a splinter
struck his and he felt the quick,
blood down his cheek.
When the girl saw it her face went wh

ng got them with his gun Marge
ained. "It's wild—wild as a hawk!

ing
with a sound like the cry of a
monster loo. With a sudden cry bi
caught Marge in his arms and held her
tight. "Is it possible—they would kill

the brutes are way
one of the line of f
The girl ran to help
urge her back

I swear to heaven I'll
ve shut the door until

DAVID'S brain was afire. He was no longer cool or self-possessed. He was blind with a wild rage, with a mad desire in some way to reach with his vengeance those human beasts who were bent on death, even if it was to be gained at sacrifice of the girl

tween the logs. He was close to Tara and he heard the low, steady thunder that came out of the grizzly's chest. His enemies were near on this side; their fire from the rocks not more than a
ot yards away. And all at once, in the heat of the great passion that possessed him now, he became suddenly aware that they knew the only weapons he possessed were Neskoo—the rifle and Hauck's revolver. Probably they knew also how
ed his ammunition was. And they
re exposing themselves. Why should he save his last three shots? When they were gone and he no longer answered their fire, they would probably rush the cabin, beat in the door, and then—the revolver! he would tear out their hearts

k and fired. A man stood up within seventy yards of the cabin a moment later, firing as fast as he could
d David
He fired a second
flung the useless rifle to the floor as he sprang back to Marge
Now—damn 'em
come.
Hauck's revolver. A bullet flew through one of the cracks, and they heard the soft thud of it as it struck Tara. The growl in the grizzly's throat burst into a roar of thunder. The cornish cabin shook the cabin. But Tara was made no movement except now to swing his head with open, drooling jaws. In
f animal rage and
ome from Baree. He

him mark," said Dav
with the fingers of his free hand crumpl
the girl's hair. "They'll stop shooting in a
e two, and then

Straight into his eyes from that farther wall a splinter hurled itself at him with a hissing sound like the plunge of hot iron into water. He had the lightning impression of seeing the bullet as it tore through the clay between two of the log
now that he was struck, yet he felt
no pain. His mind was c
he could not speak. His
cut off his tongue was powerless

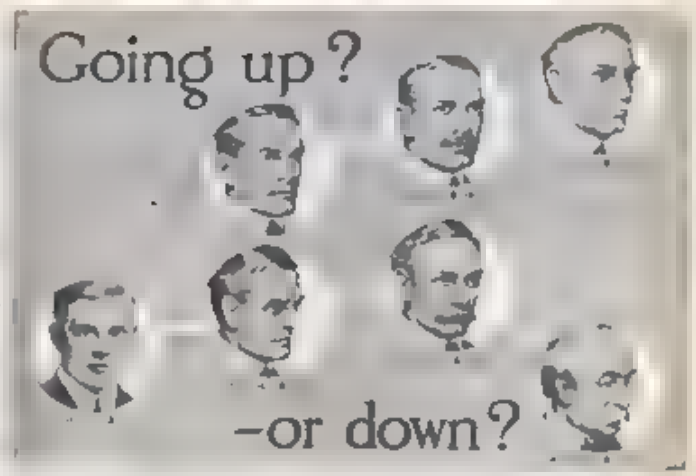
THE girl did not know that he was hit
revolver on the floor filled her eyes with
first horror of understanding, and she
to his side as he swayed like a
ten man toward Tara. He sank
down on the floor a few feet from th
e and he heard the girl
him and calling him by name. The
numbness left him, and slowly he raised
a hand to his skin filled with a terrible
fear. It was there—his jaw, jaw,
smashed, bu wet with blood. He thought
the bullet had struck him there
"A knockout," were his first words
spoken slowly and thickly, but with a
great gasp of relief. "A splinter hi

He sat up dizzily with the girl's
about him. In their three or four
of forgetfulness neither had noticed
that the firing had ceased

shook the cabin. A
and the decaying saplings were cra
ing inward.
David struggled to
ll back and
pointed to the revolver
"Quick—the gun
With a gasping cry Marge sprang to it
The door crashed inward as she picked it
up and scarcely had she faced about
when their enemies were rushing in, with
Henry and Hauck in their lead, and Brokaw just behind th
With a last effort, David fought to gain his feet. He heard a single shot from the revolver, and then, as he rose staggeringly he saw Marge fighting in Brokaw's arms. Hauck came for him, the demon of murder in his face, and as they went down he heard scream after scream come
in dying scream
ascending cry of "Tara! Tara! Tara!
Over him he heard a sudden roar, the rush of a great body—and with that thunder of Tara's
there mingled a hideous wolfish snarl
from Baree. He could see nothing
Hauck's hands we
the screams commingled, and above them came now the cries of supreme horror of agony of death, and as Hauck's fingers loosened at his neck he heard with the snarling and tearing and furious
crunching of great jaws and the thud of bodies
ck was rising, his face blanched
with a strange terror. He was half up
a gasp
ll the body slid a
e statue flung from a catapault, and Baree's inch-long fangs sank in his thick throat in one savage, snarling snap of he

un, her lips sobbing all the
Tara—Tara—" He turned
his breast, and held it there.
It was ghastly. Henry was dead.
Hauck was dead. And Brokaw was dead
a thousand times dead—with the
grisly tearing at his huge body. Out of that pit of death David stumbled with the girl. The fresh air struck their fac
The sun of day fell upon them. The green
flowers of the mountain
slope, and saw disappearing over the
st of the ridge two men who were running for their lives

IT may have been five minutes that David held the girl in his arms, staring down into the sunlit valley into which the last two of Hauck's men had fled, and during that time he did not speak, and he heard only her steady sobbing. He
shoulders
e raised her face. There were no tears in her eyes, but she was still trembling a little, and her lips were quivering like a
head and kissed them, and she caught her breath as she looked at him with eyes that were limpid pools of blue, out of which her terror was slowly dying away.
She whispered his name. In her look and that whisper there was unutterable adoration. It was for him she had been afraid. She was looking at him now as one saved to her from the dead, and h

Going up?

—or down?

HERE is your future charted for you, based on the actual average earnings of trained and untrained men
Which way will you go? You'll either go *up*, through *training*, to a position that means good money and
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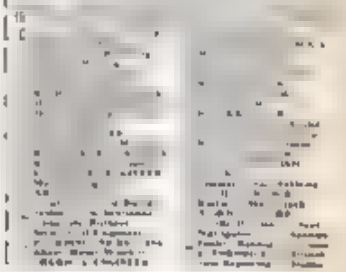

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for the thrilling pressure of her hands at his blood-stained cheeks.

A sound behind them turned his head, and fifty feet away he saw the big grizzly limping cumbrously from the cave. They could hear one great growl as he scented the smell of the kill on his head swinging slowly from side to side like a monstrous pendulum. In his throat the last echoing of that fierce pain rage and hate that had destroyed his adversary. And in the same moment Baree rose to the door, his lips drawn back and his fangs gleaming as if he expected other enemies to face him.

Quickly David drew the girl beyond the boulder from behind which he had opened the fight and down on to a soft carpet of grass back with the line of wild violets. The big rock shut out the scene from her vision.

"It was like a miracle," he said, stroking back her wonderful hair. "I must return to the cave. Then we will go."

"Girl"

She repeated the word as if it were a caress, a sudden whisper of love so dear, so full of meaning that for a moment she saw the sun and stars, the day and night of her whole life. She looked from his face down into the valley, and into his face again.

"We will go," she repeated, as he rose to his feet.

She shivered when at one of the entrance she saw a little cry which she tried to choke back when at the instant the first glow of the wonderful new life that was dawning for her. David knew why. He left her without looking down into her eyes again, anxious to have those last terrible minutes over with. At the entrance of the room he hesitated a little to see what he knew he would see. And yet, of all else it was the worst that it should be as it was just now. He could not see as he opened the door.

For a moment the grizzly stood in the light, after a moment, fascinated him. If it had not been for the difference in their size he might have said which was Thunder and which was Broadway, a monster with hair that clawed and flung mouth to the workers, eyes dark and sparkling as deadly black as the door. It was more than

the girl was not following him. Then he looked again.

It was Henry's rifle he picked up. It searched for cartridges. That was a sickening task. He found nearly fifty of them on the floor, and with the rifle in the crook of his arm he went out with his pack and the gun. He put the pack over his shoulders before he returned to the rock, and paused only for a moment when he rejoined the girl. With her hand in his, he struck down into the valley.

"A great justice has overtaken him," he said, and that was all he told her about the cabin, and she asked him no questions.

AT the edge of the green meadows below it we opened where a cache of winter food for mountain ops had been. A deep voice said, throw up from under a tree up the meadow and found a shelter spot and stopped almost. To the waist she was covered with the stain and grime of battle.

At the spring pool Marge undressed her face and arms, and then she with it and her comfort with David's coat and trousers. When he returned to her she was a radiant glory in the gold and brown fires of her disentangled hair. He stood a step off and looked at her, his heart filled with a wonderful joy, his lips silent. The thought surged upon him that a ministering angel of love and life had come to him out of the dawn or the tomorrow, but for a time had in mountains had given her to him. In among the flowers and he would thank her that "grace good to Father Roland had spoken of as after him created her for him, and she had been waiting for him here, pure as the wild violets under his feet. She did not see him for a space, and he watched her as she rubbed her glowing breast under in strokes of his brush.

And once again ages it seemed to him now—he had thought she another woman was beautiful, and that another woman's glory was her hair. He felt his heart singing. She had not been like this. Work's smartness those women's woman and rain Queen whose lit to mean him dinner who had come into his heart like

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the breath of a new life, opening for him new visions that reached even beyond the blue skies. And he wondered that she should love him.

She looked up suddenly and saw him standing there. Love? Had he in all his life dreamed of the look that was in her face now? It made his heart choke him. He held open his arms silently as she rose to her feet, and she came to him in all that burnished glory of her unbound hair; and he held her again close in his arms, kissing her soft lips, her flushed cheeks, her blue eyes, the warm sweetness of her hair. And her lips kissed *him*.

He looked out over the valley. His eyes were open to its beauty, but he did not see. A vision was rising before him, and his soul was breathing a prayer of gratitude to the missioner's God.

It may be the girl heard his voiceless exaltation, for she whispered:

"You love me a great deal, my Sakowawin?"

"More than life," he replied.

Her voice roused him. For a few moments he had forgotten the cabin, had forgotten that Brokaw and Hauck had existed, and that they were now dead. He held her back from him, looking into her face, out of which all fear had gone.

"We must go now," he said, forcing himself to break the spell. "Two have escaped, Marge. It is possible, if there are others at the Nest—"

His words brought her back to the thing they had passed through. She glanced in a startled way over the valley. Then she shook her head.

"There are two others," she said; "but they will not follow us, Sakowawin. If they should, we will be over the mountain."

She braided her hair as he adjusted his pack. His heart was like a boy's. He laughed at her a joyous disapproval.

"I like to see it—unbound," he said. "It is beautiful."

It seemed to him that all the blood in her body leaped into her face.

"Then—I will leave it that way," she cried softly, her fingers working swiftly in the silken plaits of her braid. Uncoiled her hair shimmered about her again. And then, as they were about to set off, she ran up to him with a little cry, and without touching him with her hands raised her face to him.

"Kiss me," she said. "Kiss me, my Sakowawin!"

IT was noon when they stood under the topmost crags of the southward range, and under them they saw once more the green valley with its silvery stream, in which they had met that first day beside the great rock. It seemed to them both a long time ago, and the valley was like a friend, smiling up at them its welcome and its gladness that they had at last returned.

The girl pointed off through the blue haze miles to the eastward.

"Are we going that way?" she asked.

He had been thinking as they had climbed up the mountain. Off there, where she was pointing, were his friends and hers; between them and that wandering tribe of the totem people on the Kwadocha there were no people. Nothing but the unbroken peaks of the mountains, in which they were safe. He had ceased to fear their immensity, was no longer disturbed by the thought that in their vast and trackless solitudes he might lose himself forever. After what had passed, their gleaming peaks were beckoning to him, and he was confident that he could find his way back to the Finley and down to Hudson's Hope.

What a surprise it would be to Father Roland when they dropped in on him some day, he and Marge! His heart beat excitedly as he told her about it, described the great distance they must travel, and what a wonderful journey it would be, with that glorious country at the end of it—the Château, home. And— "We'll find your mother then," he whispered.

They talked a great deal about her mother and Father Roland as they made their way down into the valley; and whenever they stopped to rest she had new questions to ask, and each time there was that trembling doubt in her voice: "I wonder if it's *true*." And each time he assured her that it was.

"I have been thinking that it was Nisikoos who sent to her the picture you wanted to destroy," he said once. "Nisikoos must have known."

"Then why didn't she tell me?" Marge flashed.

"Because it may be that she didn't want to lose you—and that she didn't send the picture until she knew that she was not going to live very long."

The girl's eyes darkened, and then—slowly—there came the softer glow back into them.

"I loved Nisikoos," she said.

It was sunset when they began making their first camp in a cedar thicket, where David shot a porcupine for Tara and Baree. After their supper they sat for a while in the glow of the stars, and after that Marge snuggled down in her cedar bed and went to sleep. But before she closed her eyes she put her arms around his neck and kissed him good night.

For a long time after that he sat awake, thinking of the wonderful dream he had dreamed all his life, and which at last had come true.

DAY after day they traveled steadily into the east and south. The mountains swallowed them, and their feet trod the grass of many strange valleys. Strange, and yet now and then David saw what he had seen once before, and he knew that he had not lost the trail. They traveled slowly, for there was no longer need of haste; and in that land of plenty there was more of pleasure than inconvenience in their foraging for what they ate.

In her haste in making up the contents of the pack, Marge had seized what first came to her hands in the way of provisions, and fortunately the main part of their stock was a twenty-pound sack of oatmeal. Of this they made bannock and cakes. The country was full of game. In the valleys the black currants and wild raspberries were ripening lusciously, and now and then in the pools of the valleys David would shoot fish.

Both Tara and Baree began to grow fat, and with quiet joy David noticed that each day added to the wonderful beauty and happiness in the girl's face, and it seemed to him that her love was enveloping him more and more, and there was never a moment now that he could not see the glow of it in her eyes. It thrilled him that she did not want him out of her presence for more than a few minutes at a time.

They had been ten days in the mountains when, one evening, sitting beside him, she said with that adorable and almost childish ingenuousness which he loved in her:

"It will be nice to have Father Roland marry us, Sakowawin." And before he could answer, she added: "I will keep house for you two at the Château."

He had been thinking a great deal about that.

"But if your mother should live down there—among the cities?" he asked.

She shivered a little, and nestled against him.

"I shouldn't like it, Sakowawin—not for long. I love *this*—the forests, the mountains, the skies." And then suddenly she caught herself, and added quickly: "But anywhere—anywhere—if you are there, Sakowawin!"

"I too love the forests, the mountains, and the skies," he whispered. "We shall have them with us always, little comrade."

ON the fourteenth day they descended the eastern slopes of the Divide, and he knew that they were not far from the Kwadocha and the Finley. Their fifteenth night they camped where he and the Butterfly's lover had built a noonday fire; and this night, though it was warm and glorious with a full moon, the girl was possessed of a desire to have a fire of their own, and she helped to add

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and to it until the flames leaped back up into the shadows of the canvas and drove them far back with its heat. David was content to sit and smoke his pipe while he watched her fit here and there after still some fuel, now a shadow in the darkness, and then again to the full daughter. After a time she grew tired and sat beside him, and for an hour they talked in whispering voices that trembled with their happiness.

WHEN at last she went to bed and left him, he walked a little way out into the clear moonlight, and sat down to smoke and listen to the stillness of the valley. He knew that all the while Margaret was thinking of him, and he was glad, and sorry, at once.

"David!"

He sprang up. From the shadow of a large spruce half a dozen paces from him stepped the figure of a man. He stood with bared head, the light of the moon streaming down upon him, and as David's breast rose a strange cry as if he saw a spirit of the dead.

"Mr. God! Father Roland!"

They sprang across the little space between them, and their hands clasped. David could not speak. Before he found his voice, the missioner was saying:

"I saw the fire, David, and I stole up quietly to see who it was. We are camped down there not more than a quarter of a mile. Come! I want you to see—"

He stopped. He was excited, and to David his face seemed many years younger than in the moonlight, and he walked with the spring of youth as he caught David's arm and started down the valley.

A strange fever held David silent—an indefinable feeling that something tremendous and unexpected was impending. He heard the other's quick breath, caught the glow in his eyes, and his heart was thrilled. They walked so swiftly that it seemed to him only a few moments when they came to a little clump of low trees, and into these Father Roland led David by the hand, treading lightly now, his breath breaking in excited little gasps.

In another moment they stood beside some one who was sleeping. Father Roland pointed down, and spoke no word.

It was a woman. The moonlight fell upon her, and shimmered in the thick masses of dark hair that streamed about her, concealing her face. David choked. It was his heart in his throat. He bent down. Gently he lifted the heavy tresses, and stared into the sleeping face that was under them—the face of the woman he had seen that night on the Transcontinental!

Over him he heard a gentle whisper.

"My wife, David!"

He staggered back and clutched Father Roland by the shoulders, and his voice was almost sobbing in its excitement as he cried whisperingly:

"Then you—you are Michael O'Doone—the father of Marge. And Tavish—Tavish—"

His voice broke. The missioner's face had gone white. They went back into the moonlight again, so that they would not waken the woman.

OUT there, so close that they seemed to be in each other's arms, the stories were told, David's first, briefly, swiftly; and when Michael O'Doone learned that his daughter was in David's camp he bowed his face in his hands and David heard him giving thanks to his God.

And then he told what had happened. In his madness Tavish had believed that his punishment was terrible and near—believed that the chance which had taken him so near to the home of the man whose life he had destroyed was his last great warning; and before killing himself he had written out fully his confession for Michael O'Doone, and had sworn to the innocence of the woman whom he had driven away.

"And, even as he was destroying himself, God's hand was guiding my Margaret to me," panted the missioner. "All those years she had been seeking for me, and at last she learned at Nelson House about a Father Roland whose real name no man knew. And at almost that same time, at Le Pas, there came to her the photograph you found on the train, with a letter saying our little girl was alive at this place you call the Nest. Hauck's wife sent the letter and picture to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and it was sent from inspector to inspector until it found her at Le Pas. She came to the Château. I was gone—with you. She followed, and we met at Metiomin and I were returning. We did not go back to the Château. We turned about and followed on your trail, to seek our little Marge. And now—"

FROM out the shadows of the trees there broke upon them suddenly the anxious voice of the woman:

"Najoss! Where are you?"

"Dear God, it is the old sweet name she called me so many years ago," whispered Michael O'Doone. "She is awake. Come!"

David held him back a moment.

"I will go to Marge," he spoke quickly. "I will take her. And you—bring her mother. Understand, dear Father? Bring her up there, where Marge is sleeping—"

The voice came again:

"Najoss! Najoss!"

"I am coming—I am coming, dear!" cried the missioner.

He turned to David.

"Yes—I will bring her—up there—to your camp."

And as David hurried swiftly away he heard the sweet voice saying:

"You must not leave me alone, Najoss—never, never, never, so long as we live!"

DOWN on his knees beside the girl, David waited many minutes while he gained his breath. With his two hands he crumpled her hair; and then, after a little, he kissed her mouth, and then her eyes; and she moved, and he caught the sleepy whisper of his name.

"Wake," he cried softly. "Wake, little comrade!"

Her arms rose up out of her dream of him and encircled his neck.

"Sakewawin," she murmured. "Is it morning—"

He gathered her in his arms.

"Yes; a g[illegible]

Wake!"

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